

Manhunt (Gone sexual.. again)

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by [Anonymous000000000](#)

Summary

Dream finds an opportunity to escape but not one he expected.

Enjoy.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The oak forest seemed to on and on while Dream strolled along, as if he wasn't being hunted by three of his old friends.

Dream kept his guard up despite being ahead, listening to anything out of the ordinary in the forest biome. He heard birds tweeting every once in a while, water flowing from a nearby river, his own footsteps, his own breathing.

Pretty soon the masked man will have to find a cave nearby, just to settle in for the night. It's been so long sense he had a decent night sleep, and he felt as if he deserves it for running so far ahead. His eyes probably look as tired as he felt.

He stopped to yawn and listen in to his surroundings.

He hates stopping, even for a second, but his exhaustion was weighing him down.

Then he paused all his movements, even held his breath.

He heard something close by.

Looking up at the near top of the tree, he scanned it carefully. He has no sight of anyone or anything up there.

Is he really that tired?

There's no they would have caught up to him by now, no way hell.

He looked up the tree one time, still seeing nothing but he isn't sure. He got closer to check just in case.

Closer and closer.

Then before he could react, the tree leaves rustled as someone fell out through them. Dream went to grab the sword that was stashed on his hip, being too late as he heard the person scream as he landed right onto Dream, causing them to fall back. Dream felt his back hit the ground hard, knocking the wind out of him. The masked man tried to shake off the whiplash and fight off the person above him.

But a sword was drawn up above his face, ready to stab through his face at any given moment.

He look at the man that pinned him down and it was the brit himself, George.

George was missing his goggles, seeing them laying on the ground no too far. The brit looked tired as well, panting as if he was running while keeping the sword high above Dreams mask. The taller man looked down his own torso to see George basically straddle his hips as he sat ontop, pinning him to the ground with his legs. The position they were in made Dream warm in his gut.

Man, he really does need some sleep.

"So you finally got me pinned down, huh?" Dream joked tiredly, but George didn't seem to be in a joking mood.

"You have no idea how long I waited in that hiding spot," George huffed.

Dream turned his head slightly to the left, then right. No sight of the other two hunters.

"Just you?" Dream asked.

George inched the sword closer between the two dots for eyes on Dream's mask, "Just me."

Dream was already trying to load in plans to fight George off, if only he wasn't so tired then maybe he wouldn't be so slow. He thought of throwing the shorter boy off and making a run for it, or maybe stay and fight sense it's just him alone.

But something about this situation don't feel right.

He looked up at George, and tilted his head in question, "You hesitating there, George?"

He watched the man ontop of him kept the sword still but hesitant above his head.

"I'm.. mentally preparing."

Dream was suprised at the truthful response. He can understand why George would hesitate, but this isn't the time to have an internal crisis.

George is vulnerable, which gave Dream an idea. Maybe he doesn't have to fight after all.

He calmly snaked his hands onto George's thighs while humming as a response. His hands going higher, and higher..

"D-Dream?" George stuttered while his face flustered at the contact.

Dream like that very much.

Dream grinned under his mask as he answered "Yes, Geoege?"

Dream slowly added his cold hands up and under George's shirt, watching the man above him bite down a gasp.

"What are you doing?"

Dream's hands roamed up higher feeling George's warm skin.

"What're you doing?" The masked man parroted.

And for just a second, he could see George's eyes flutter shut as he tilted his head up ever so slightly. He looked admiringly up at him as the man who straddled him sigh. He looked exhausted yet peaceful. The sword that was pointed right at his face faltered to the side.

Now's his chance. He could kick off George and make a break for it.

Dream 'accidentaly' rubbed his palms past George's nipple and watched his hips stuttered as he quietly moaned.

He could escape..

"Dream.."

But how could he just miss out on making George feel like this. The brunette may be ontop of him, but Dream was the one in control.

He pulled his hands back, slowly removing them out from under George's shirt and interlocked his fingers together before placing them behind his head for a pillow.

George looked down at the lost contact as Dream layed below him in a relaxed state.

"What?" George blinked cluelessly, and Dream couldn't help but smirk.

"You need something?" Dream asked, playing off as if he didn't just tease George five seconds ago.

"What was- what?" George was short curcuiting.

Dream wanted to kiss the confused look off of George's tired face.

Well, what's really stopping him?

He pulled his hands away from pillowing his head and used them to pull up his mask far enough to reveal lips. George can see Dream's devious smile as the man under him reached up to his shirt

collar and grabbed it, before pulling him down to his lips, kissing him.

At first, George widened his eyes in shock, while Dream kissed him softly, then letting his eyes fall closed once again kissing him back. Dream licked George's bottom lip for access, and the brit allowed him in as he melted into him. George hummed as hands slithered up to his waist and wrapped around him while George moved his hands up to cup the sides of Dream's somewhat masked face in return. Dream moved his leg up as the other remained still.

George pulled back for air, then looking down at the sight of Dream's reddened lips parted as they panted. The sight made his stomach flutter and lower gut twitch in heat. His ears and face felt red hot, while his eye lids remained lowered.

What was he doing.

George sat up, making Dream frown in confusion. The taller man sat up slightly resting on his elbows.

"What's wrong?" Dream questioned.

George took a moment to look at those lips again, noticing the hardened bulge beneath his.

Everything about this wasn't right.

Sapnap and Bad are hiding amongst these woods, waiting to get the jump on Dream.

When he's right here.

At George's mercy.

"This is wrong," George muttered. He could see Dream's smile as the man sits up and holds onto his waist tightly.

"If it's wrong, then why does it feel right, George?" Dream grinned and pressed George's hips closer to his, causing George to shiver as he's being grinded down onto his hardness. George quickly grabbed onto Dream's shoulders to keep steady, groaning softly and shutting his eyes once again.

Dream leaned in to whisper close, lips barely touching Georges reddened ears, "Tell me, George."

George couldn't fight back the moan that slipped out. Dream bit onto the edge of his ear softly, but George swallowed down the sounds that tried to escape his mouth.

George could be doing something useful right now, but instead he's spending his time getting teased and touched by his enemy. It felt so good.

He wanted to be held and touched, and kissed, and pleased, and loved.

But now is not the time.

George pulled further back from Dream at an attempt to resist. His heart yearned for the pleasure Dream was giving him, but he won't give in anymore than he already had. He pushed himself off of Dream and stood up above him. Dream opened his mouth to say something but shutted it quickly.

"Go, I'm giving you a head start. Next time I won't hesitate," George warned.

Dream looked up at him for a second, waiting for a momenr just case the brunette wants to cave in

and kiss him again. But George merely stared Dream down, waiting for the man to leave.

It made Dream's heart throbbed in pain knowing George really wants him to leave.

Lips remained at a saddened frown as Dream pulled his mask back into place. He scooted back and stood up, slowly backing away, waiting for George to say he's joking or making a mistake.

George remained silent, watching.

Dream went to walk away, hurt. He turned back looking at the shorter man one more time making sure this is really what he wants before disappearing further into the oak forest.

George shouldn't feel disappointed. This is what he wanted, right?

He waited a while before huffing out the breath he didn't know he was holding. He walked over to the nearest oak tree and sat down with his back against the rough bark. His hands held his head as he stared down at his other problem. George couldn't help but blush in shame that his cock twitched at the thought of Dream coming back to kiss him goodbye before officially leaving for good.

He didn't even say goodbye.

End Notes

I made another fanfiction that's very similar to this, it's called Manhunt 3v1 (gone sexual), go ahead and check it out if you crave more content like this.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!